



# METHODIST PROTESTANT.

NEW SERIES--VOL. 1.]

BALTIMORE...NOVEMBER 11, 1831.

[NO. 45.]

EDITED BY GAMALIEL BAILEY, M. D.—PUBLISHED FOR THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH, BY J. J. HARROD, BOOKSELLER, BALTIMORE.

## POETRY.

From the Token, for 1832.  
OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.  
BY THOMAS GRAY, JR.  
Rev. vi. 12.

"And I beheld when he opened the sixth seal."

I stood above the mountains, and I saw  
The unveiled features of Eternity.  
The affrighted earth did quake. The mountains reeled,  
And heaved their deep foundations to the day.  
The islands melted in the sea. The rocks  
Topped, and fell in fragments. Lightning shot  
A fiery glare athwart the ruined world.  
Chaos returned again. The extinguished sun  
Hung black and rayless in the midnight air;  
The moon became as blood. And one by one,  
The everlasting stars of heaven did fall,  
Even as the fig-tree shaken by the wind  
Drops her untimely fruit. All light was dead.  
The heavens—th' eternal heavens themselves, that  
stretched  
Shroud-like above the earth, were rent in twain,  
And vanished like a scroll together rolled  
And men did vainly strain their aching gaze  
Into the lurid gulf, that mocked the space,  
The yawning space of the departing sky.

The city was a desert. Men agast  
Fled from their rocking habitations, out—  
Into the fields, that gaped and swallowed them.  
The prisoner spurned his earth quake-riven chain,  
And flung in horror his freed arms to heaven.  
And men did cast themselves upon the earth,  
And hid their faces; and they prayed—and died.  
The living and the dead together lay;  
The frantic mother, and the perished child.  
And men did grovel in the parching dust,  
Crawling like serpents o'er their kindred dead.  
The crowned head, the lowly and the proud,  
The rich, the brave, the mighty, bond and free,  
Trembled and hid themselves, and shivering crept  
Into the dens, and mountain-caves, and rocks;  
And in their mortal horror, lifted up  
On high their hollow voices, and they prayed,  
'Ye mountains fall on us—and ye, oh rocks!  
Hide us—ay! crush us from the face of Him  
Who sitteth on the throne, and from the Lamb,  
For lo! his day of vengeance is arrived,  
And who can hope to stand?"

## OBSERVER.

For the Methodist Protestant.

### CAUSES OF ECCLESIASTICAL CORRUPTION AND DECLINE.

Nothing in the history of man is more surprising, or calculated to be more afflicting to the mind, than man's strong propensity to abuse and corrupt the best gifts of heaven. Not only are his appetites vitiated, but even his mind and conscience are defiled. Not only are his rational faculties prostituted to the basest purposes, but the revelations of God are perverted from their original design, and are used as engines of tyranny and oppression.

It is indeed a remarkable fact, that the more pure any system is, when first delivered to a people, the more dreadful it becomes, as an instrument of evil, after going through the transformations of human corruption. The pure system of religion and government delivered by Moses, was so altered and perverted by the traditions of the elders, that in our Saviour's time, those elders

had not only made the word of God of none effect, but when they compassed sea and land to make one proselyte from paganism, they made him two-fold more the child of hell than themselves. Consequently, the whole tendency of their system then was, to produce a rapid increase of defilement and wickedness. The Son of God and his apostles laboured, and toiled, and suffered, even unto death, to expel this corruption, and to establish the pure principles of religion and government among mankind, with increasing brightness and glory. It was accomplished. But after the lapse of a few centuries, the whole was perverted, and the christian priest-hood filled the church with more darkness, tyranny and vice, if possible, than the Jewish priest-hood had done before.

These facts are amazing, and at first view, appear unaccountable. If we look attentively into human nature, however, the mystery may perhaps be solved. The society views itself as one identical body, from the days of the fathers; and through all its wanderings, claims the entire respect and authority belonging to its original purity. Its added traditions are supposed to be sanctified by the original principles of the system, and are to be respected and venerated, as of equal authority. When this respect and veneration for human additions are withheld, their authors are offended; and being destitute of the spirit of their ancestors, they support by tyranny and malevolence, the authority that before was founded on meekness and love alone. Hence their rapid advance in corruption is easily accounted for. The scribes and pharisees, who killed the Prince of life and his disciples, gloried, with loud vociferation, in their relation to Moses and Abraham: in like manner the christian priest-hood claims apostolical authority, and wishes to have credit for all the purity of the apostolic church.

Methodists commenced their career with more purity of christian principle and practice, than any other people of modern times; if they should become generally corrupt, it would probably be the worst corruption that has appeared since the reformation. All the purity of their first institution would still be claimed; all their added traditions and inventions would still be Methodism, and must be viewed as the pure productions of divinely authorized expounders; their high professions of religious experience, of justification and sanctification, would still be perpetuated; and upon finding their pretensions not credited, they would feel strongly disposed to defend the profession of religion, by violence and persecution, which their fathers sustained by love and patient sufferings. Hence it is easy to perceive, that the Methodist Episcopal Church might advance as rapidly in ecclesiastical corruption, as the one undivided, Catholic, Apostolical Church of Rome.

This ancient church has commenced publishing a periodical in Cincinnati, called "The Catholic Telegraph," in the first number of which, after opposing the Protestant principle of private judgment, and the use of reason in religious matters, the editor says, "Truth has nothing to fear, while it must acquire new lustre, from impartial scrutiny. It is powerful and will prevail. It is the semblance of truth, the specious counterfeit that shrinks from investigation; which succeeds only by eluding observation; but as soon as it falls under the inspection of the discriminating eye its detection is inevitable." But in the name of common sense, we ask, to what purpose has any man a "discriminating eye," if he is not allowed to use his own "private judgment?" How can truth gain any thing by his "impartial scrutiny," if he is not to use his own judgment in the matter? Why admonish the human soul not to "shrink from investigation," if man is not allowed to use his own reason? Is he to "investigate," by tamely and blindly following a clerical master? "To arrive at the truths of revealed religion," says the editor, "man must be directed in his progress by evidence." But what need of evidence, pray, if he is not to

use his own "private judgment?" Does evidence operate any where in this world, but on the untrammelled intelligence of the human mind?

When this advocate of the old church, began thus to recommend "evidence," "scrutiny" and "investigation," we hoped he intended to be liberal enough to admit the Protestant doctrine on this subject; but he soon gave us to understand, that by evidence he meant, "Churches, Liturgies, Councils, the consent of nations, and various other records of the faith." That is, that a man follows evidence, by taking for granted without evidence, that his private judgment is to be governed in all things by clerical authority! That he is to exercise 'scrutiny,' 'investigation,' 'inspection' and 'discrimination,' by simply and implicitly following the dictates of an ecclesiastical master!

"The Roman Catholic faith," says this divine, "is the faith of nearly one hundred and seventy millions of the present generation." "It must appear inconsistent," he continues, "to reject the united testimony of so many millions, to favour the opinions of a comparative few." Those millions, it appears, have given their testimony, their "united testimony," that the Roman Catholic doctrines are true! Are we bound to give up all 'evidence, scrutiny and investigation,' in order implicitly to receive their 'testimony?' Why are we not all equally bound to take the testimony of Pagans or Mahometans, that their doctrines are true? Perhaps there are more of them than even one hundred and seventy millions, who agree in their 'united testimony,' that their idolatrous superstitions are certain 'v true and divine.

A statement has lately been published, "from the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine," somewhat corresponding with the views above given; entitled, "Wesleyan Methodists, wherever found, are a united body." The whole argument of this piece is, that Methodists arose rapidly, have been often assailed without success, and have spread almost over the world. Cannot Roman Catholics say the same, with equal truth, and equal force of argument? "But in the midst of this elemental strife, which has seen a war both of principle and practice," says the authors, "the institutions of Methodism remain unshaken." And do not the institutions of Catholicism remain unshaken likewise? If so, has not the latter as good a right to the argument as the former, and the former as good as the latter? "The lucubrations of unsettled men may excite occasional notice," he continues, "and produce occasional apprehension: but, like ripples on the wave, they are formed but to disappear; and can have not the smallest effect on the course of the mighty stream to which they are indebted for momentary appearance." Do not Roman Catholics, to the present hour, triumphantly appeal to the very same argument? "This principle," he adds, "as a cement of unyielding tenacity, holds together the whole body, with a compactness and stability formerly unknown in ecclesiastical record." The pope and his conclave will contend, however, that it has been long known in the ecclesiastical records of Rome; for this very thing is their distinguishing boast and the distinguishing demonstration on which they rely, that they are the only true church. "The system of scriptural truth," says he, "was conveyed to foreign shores. Its members were parcelled out in every clime; and of the small company of godly persons who met in a small apartment in 1739, the spiritual descendants were found scattered as the salt of the earth, not only throughout these kingdoms, but in every other place to which navigation has access, from the straits of Gibraltar to the islands of the Western main; and from Ceylon and Continental India, to the bluff shores of the Baltic." That Methodists have been 'the salt of the earth,' is indeed very true, and so were once the members of the Church of Rome; but if Methodists insist, that their church must necessarily continue pure, because they are



every where "one body," and because they are spread "from Continental India, to the bluff shores of the Baltic," they are building on the same foundation precisely, on which the Church of Rome has built for centuries; and on which she continues to build to the present hour. Methodists, let it be recollected, cannot yet number "one hundred and seventy millions." He proceeds; "it is a remarkable fact, that although attempts have been made, the direct tendency of which is to undermine their security, they have uniformly failed. Another fact, not much less singular, is, that so far as the parties are known, almost every attempt of that kind may be traced to persons of whose minds the caper of some former unmentioned disappointment had eaten up the better part." How exactly will the Church of Rome say the same thing, concerning all Protestants under heaven! How easy for them to "trace" every instance of reformation, to the efforts of "restless spirits," "schismatics," and "backsliders!"—"Had eaten up the better part!" We marvel to see such a likeness between the "Wesleyan Methodists" of England, and "the Methodist Episcopal Church," of America. They appear indeed, "wherever found," to be "a united body," and to be familiar with the same ecclesiastical arguments. Arguments, however, which had all been used by the Mother church, some centuries before they were born.

It ought to be considered, that it is possible for an ecclesiastical body to become very large, to have "a cement of unyielding tenacity, to hold the whole body together," when there is little or no christianity in the matter. Ingenious arrangements, fitted to the strong passions and superstitions of human nature, may hold a large body together for centuries; and an ambition to have a large and wide spread body, to cement it together with great tenacity, and to impose this on the world, as a chief argument of their purity and infallibility, is both a cause and a symptom of ecclesiastical apostasy. The more large and cemented a body becomes, the more power they commonly have, to become still larger; and the more their ambition rises, for numbers and power, the more likely they are to draw the spirit and the men of the world into the church; and consequently, the more likely to degenerate into anti-christian and worldly dispositions. Still they claim the entire sanctity of their original institution; and defend that claim with bitterness, contempt and persecution. These, as all experience shows, have been the chief causes of ecclesiastical corruption and decline, since the world began. Such churches have not declined in numbers, indeed, (and neither has Mahomet) but in the whole spirit and practice of genuine christianity. Their vast accessions over the earth, and the strong "cement" of bigoted partiality, which they urge as conclusive arguments of their purity and divinity, are in fact the chief causes of their spiritual decline and downfall.

October, 1831.

PROTESTANT.

## ESSAYIST.

For the Methodist Protestant.

(NO. XII.)

## DEACONS—ELDERS—BISHOPS.

Mr. Editor,—We have noticed, that from the period of a preacher being received on trial, until he becomes a member of the travelling connexion, he passes through a two years preparatory and severe discipline, admirably calculated to render him subservient to the interests of the Conference.

We are now to view him in a different light. He has stood out his probation and is to be elevated to Deacon's orders,—to have a seat in the Conference and participate in all its deliberations and decisions. But before he is adjudged worthy to receive the authority and powers of an itinerant minister of the M. E. Church, he passes through another ordeal. A committee is appointed to examine him on points of doctrine and discipline. The examination, however, is more particularly conducted with reference to the latter. Beside the questions proposed to him at first, (see Discipline of the M. E. Church, page 35,) he is called upon to answer other questions, viz: whether he "has read the form of discipline—willing to conform to it—and whether he will submit to the polity of the church for conscience' sake." If he answer affirmatively, and there be no other objection, he is then elected to Deacon's orders. Previous, however, to his ordination, he is requested to renew his promise of subjection to human authority. The question proposed to, and answered affirmatively by, him, is "will you reverently," (regarding with awful respect,) "obey them to whom the charge and government over you is committed, following with a glad mind and will their godly admonitions?" Now it often happens that the individual, thus ordained, is placed under the charge

of a man, his inferior in every respect; but however great the contrast—however opposed in sentiment to the plans and arrangements entered into, he is nevertheless bound implicitly to follow the dictates of his colleague who has charge of the circuit—and if he fail "REVERENTLY to obey him," be he young or old—wise or ignorant, inexperienced or otherwise, he is first the subject of "GODLY ADMONITION," that is, severe rebuke and perhaps unwarrantable censure; and if he shew any symptoms of dissatisfaction, or refuse with "a glad mind and will to follow this godly admonition," he is liable to conference censure. This difficulty, however, seldom occurs; for the system under which he has been educated, and to which he has promised unqualified obedience, destroys most effectually those sensibilities which otherwise would exist, and prepares him in the general passively to obey, and silently, if not "gladly," to acquiesce in the dictates of his Elder. After two years further trial, he is elected to Elders' orders, and again he renews his promises of subjection to the authority of men. The question is somewhat altered, but amounts to the same as he answered before. "Will you REVERENTLY obey your CHIEF MINISTERS, (Presiding Elders,) unto whom is committed your charge and government?"

There is a very important difference between the language, used in the ordination of Deacon or Elder, and of a Bishop. The language used in presenting a man for the Bishoprick is "We present unto you this HOLY MAN;"—but in the case of Deacons or Elders, "I present unto you these PERSONS to be ordained," &c. (See forms of ordination M. E. Dis.) In the case of a Deacon or Elder, one is sufficient to present the candidate—but in that of a Bishop it requires two elders. In the former, it is enough to say "this person;" in the latter "holy man" must be substituted. Why this difference? Does it mean nothing at all? Who believes that the man to be ordained Bishop, deserves the appellation of "Holy" more than his brethren? Why then this difference? Is it not not to make a more imposing appearance? Does it not evidently tend to create distinctions between ministers contrary to the precept of Christ. While it is calculated on the one hand to exalt the candidate in his own estimation—it produces a feeling of deference and submission on the minds of those who are soon to feel the effect of their folly in flattering him with adulation. But there is a still more striking difference, when the Bishop lays his hands severally upon the heads of those set apart for the office of Deacon, Elder, and Bishop.—His language varies and in each instance rises in importance. Let us examine it as it stands upon the face of their discipline, and as used by their Bishops at the time of conferring orders:—

## DEACON.

"Take thou authority to execute the office of a Deacon in the Church of God; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. (Discipline of M. E. Church, page 123.)

## ELDER.

The Lord pour upon thee the Holy Ghost for the office and work of an Elder in the Church of God, now committed unto thee by the IMPOSITION OF OUR HANDS. And be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of his holy sacrament; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—Amen. (p. 1361.)

## BISHOP.

RECEIVE THE HOLY GHOST FOR THE OFFICE AND WORK OF A BISHOP in the Church of God, now committed to thee by the IMPOSITION OF OUR HANDS, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. And remember that thou stir up the grace of God which is GIVEN THEE BY THE IMPOSITION OF OUR HANDS; for God hath not given us the spirit of fear but of power." (page 147.)

We here quote the language of a sensible "Wesleyan Methodist" upon this subject. "RECEIVE THOU THE HOLY GHOST," &c. are in none of the ancient rituals. In fact there is no evidence whatever, that the clergy affected to give the spirit before the thirteenth century: but when they had claimed the titles, it is no wonder that they usurped the prerogatives of the Supreme Being. The English ordination, it is well known, is taken from the Roman pontifical. After all the talk, therefore, of Jesus Christ giving bishops the power to confer the Holy Ghost, their authority is derived, not from the Gospel according to the Evangelists, but from the Gospel according to the Popes," &c. (See Wesleyan Repository, vol. 1, page 172.)

VERITAS.

When we distrust God's promises, let us set before us the example of his mercy done to others, that we may be the more assured to obtain faith; and when we begin to presume, let us set before us the example of God's judgments, that we may pray for humility.—Greenham.

## NARRATOR.

## THE SHIPWRECKED MARINER.

There was living in the west of England a widow lady, who was left with a family of seven daughters and one son. The daughters paid that respect to her which was due to the parent that gave them birth; but the son proved disobedient and refractory. After using every means that duty and affection could devise, and all in vain, the thoughtless youth left the house of a fond parent, in hopes of finding pleasure on board a vessel. The poor widow's mind was perpetually agitated by the thoughts of her lost boy: every breeze that blew increased the anxiety, and seemed to bear on its bosom the sad tidings that her boy was no more. Being often called to the metropolis, she would inquire of every master or mate she met with, whether he could give her any intelligence respecting her son. On one occasion she met with a captain, and inquiring as usual of him, if he knew such a person, describing her son, he very imprudently said, "he knew a person of the name and description, but that he was at the bottom of the sea; and if all like him were there it would be a good thing."—The poor mother's heart was ready to break with grief from the violence of such a shock, and it was some time before she could recover. Agony preyed on her mind, and drank up her spirits: at length she resolved to return to the country, and spend her days in a seaport town, where she could feed her melancholy by looking on that ocean that had devoured her child. Sometime after she took up her residence in this place, there came to her door a poor distressed sailor, who asked relief, and urged his plea by telling her he belonged to a vessel that was wrecked, and only himself and one more escaped on some broken fragments of the ship to a desolate island. His tale interested her mind, and induced her to make further inquiry, when he told her he should never forget the time he spent on that Island, nor the words of his companion. She then asked the name of his fellow-sufferer, when a name like that of her son was mentioned. Begging of him to describe his person, it appeared the very same. "But do you not mistake?" said the mother. "No," replied the man, "and to convince you, I have his book in my bosom, and will show it you." Judge of her surprise, when, on opening the cover of a Bible, she discovered her son's name, written by himself. "Will you part with that book?" said she. "Not for the world," answered the sailor; "as I closed his dying eyes he gave it me, requesting me to read its contents, telling me he had found it his support in death, and enjoined me with his last breath never to part with it. I was then a stranger to its worth; but, by reading its solemn truths, I have learned to know the Lord, and worlds would not tempt me to part with it."

## THE CONTRAST.

Some months since, in making a short tour in a neighboring state, we improved an opportunity to visit a young gentleman that was sick, and generally considered to be dangerously ill. He was considerably emaciated, and his strength much reduced. He, however, was capable of conversing, although but little inclined to do so. We had previously been informed by his acquaintances, that he had been a very wicked young man, exceedingly profane and vicious. It seems that he had been strengthened and encouraged in a course of wickedness, in consequence of believing, as it was said, substantially in the principles of Universalism. From a consciousness of duty, we put several interrogatories to him; some of which he readily answered, others he declined. "Have you any expectation," we asked him, "of recovering your health again?" "O yes," he immediately replied, "I discover nothing to prevent an occurrence of that kind." We observed that he might get well, being in the hands of a merciful God; and it might be otherwise with him. We inquired concerning his views of futurity. Without the least hesitation, and apparently without a serious thought, he replied, that if he should die sooner or later, he should be happy in the coming world; and said that he felt perfectly reconciled to God. We did not presume directly to judge of the man's condition or concerning the truth of his remarks; but all his words and sentences seemed to be expressed with such insensibility as led to the conclusion that he did not understand what he affirmed, and that he was entirely ignorant of his real condition. We asked him if his hope beyond the grave was founded upon a consciousness of sins forgiven through faith in the Redeemer, or upon an idea that God would indiscriminately and unconditionally have mercy upon and save the whole human family. To this question he made no reply; nor could we afterwards get a single word from him in answer to any question. His



appearance plainly indicated that it was his choice that we should retire. We prayed with him and parted.

In the same tour we happened to fall in with a lady, upwards of thirty years of age, who was in the last stage of a consumption. She was a believer in the Lord Jesus, and had been a humble saint for several years.—On being introduced to her, she reached forth her pale and trembling hand with a smile that indicated the joy of her heart. She was already so worn down with disease, that she could only express herself by a faint whisper; but she delighted to communicate her views and feelings in this way. She told us that she had been sick for a long time, but she had nearly closed the mortal race—she was looking every hour for death and had been expecting that messenger for several weeks; and although her faith appeared weak sometimes, yet for the most part she felt as if she could bid death welcome—she felt an evidence that her Redeemer lived, and that she should live also. We asked her to give us a reason for her hope. She cheerfully replied that her hope and her trust were in God; she observed that while she was in youth, the Lord in mercy called after her, and caused his Holy Spirit to operate upon her heart; she soon felt herself to be a great sinner, the greatest sinner that ever lived; she felt that she deserved punishment, and that God would be just if he should cast her off forever; but the Lord revealed himself unto her as a merciful Saviour; his mercy she sought; for a pardon of her sins she heartily prayed—and the Lord appeared to her in mercy, and she trusted, spoke her sins forgiven; the burden of sin and the distress of her soul were removed, and she felt to rejoice with all her heart in God her Saviour, and to praise him for his goodness and his wonderful works to the children of men; and although, continued she, much of my time has been misimproved, and I have been an unprofitable servant since that period, yet I have enjoyed much comfort of mind and happiness of soul; and although my growth in grace has been small, yet I have made some advancement, through the goodness of God, in a holy life, and I now feel that Jesus is mine and I am his—

"Now I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to every fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes."

We encouraged this dear woman still to trust in the Lord, who could "make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are." We enjoyed a solemn season in prayer and parted.—*Morning Star.*

#### NATURALIST.

##### MOCKING-BIRD.

It is where the Great Magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and groves: where bignonians of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered stuartia, and mounting still higher, cover the summit of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines, that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step;—in a word, kind reader, it is where nature seems to have paused as she passed over the earth, and opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand, the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking-bird has fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favoured land?—It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the mocking bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! his tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his, and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upwards, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and as if to convince his lovely mate, that, to enrich her hopes, he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

For a while each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note of the female he ceases his song, and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it, is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick brier patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances, are picked up, carried to a forked branch and there arranged. The female has laid an egg, and the male redoubles his caresses. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male, having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of mocking birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dew-berries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigour, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do.

[Audubon.]

#### ECCLESIASTICAL.

For the Methodist Protestant.

(NUMBER II.)

##### CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

There was spirit enough in the American Methodist Preachers to repel Mr. Wesley's attempt to constitute himself their Head. Still, they received so much of the system of the old English Church, of which he always professed himself a minister, that the effects were soon visible. The ordination service became the same—the administration of the sacrament also, where the clergy partake of the sacred elements before they call forward their brethren of the laity—eventually, there were the same orders in the Ministry—in time, there started out from this body of humble, unassuming men, the *Methodist Episcopal Church!* It is difficult to repress a smile at this affectation of high offices and sounding titles from this last of the sects; but we would tell our elder brethren, that neither the Episcopalians in the United States, nor those in Great Britain own relationship with them. The doctrine of succession is a necessary appendage to Episcopacy; and they have nothing to claim in that way except through John Wesley. But how would that comport with his opinion, that Bishops and Elders were the same order? Or, how would this opinion of their founder agree with the present three orders in the American Methodist Church? Or, how does this church in the United States agree with the old Methodist Church in Great Britain, with respect to the three orders? Puzzling questions these, which all the sophistry of all the book makers have not yet been able to lay straight together.

To my apprehension this much is certain, that the form of church government in its ministry, helps, and governments, as these existed in the churches planted and reared up by the apostles, is the form that is perfect, and suited to all other nations and ages to the end

of time. The difficulty is, to ascertain what that form was. To assist in this inquiry, it is necessary to advert to the commencement and progress of the church wherever the Gospel is preached in its power, and the converts are gathered together in congregations of worshipping Christians. And here it should be constantly borne in mind, that wherever the Gospel is preached to unconverted men, whether to the Gentiles of the primitive ages, or to the Americans, or British, or Mexicans of the present day, the same course of things will be seen.

Let us exemplify from our own case. Francis Asbury feeling a call to preach the Gospel to the Americans, arrives in Baltimore and preaches to the inhabitants.—Some are awakened and some converted. But it making no part of his mission to remain long in one place, he appoints some man willing to follow his directions as his elder in years and in the ministry, to set things in order. This getting in order, consists in appointing class leaders and stewards. The first are overseers over sections of the church—the second superintend the temporal concerns. The same result follows the preaching of the word in other places, and the same course is pursued. Thus numbers are added to the church daily, and it soon becomes large enough to adopt the rules and regulations necessary for its government. Now, this is exactly what took place in Ephesus and in Crete.—Timothy and Titus were young men sent by Paul to set things in order. The Elders ordained by them were elderly men ruling over, superintending, instructing, sections of the congregations, and thus preserving a close observation of the walk and conversation of the new converts. I know not, in fact, how otherwise any superintendence over the lives and morals of a congregation of 1 or 2000 persons could possibly have been preserved. That no pastor of himself could do it is evident; but assisted by elderly and experienced men it becomes easy. The principle of subdivision with a view to superintendence, has ever been of universal use, and it is impossible to believe that Paul was ignorant of it as being perfect for its object, or did not adopt it in the Christian Church, with the practice of the Jewish Commonwealth before his eyes. The error in latter days has been, that geographical bounds of parishes, dioceses, stations, and congregations, have designated the number but not the converts of the Church.

Let us suppose another case and make Mexico the example for illustration. Some preacher (of the Protestant Methodist Church we will say for our own honor's sake) moved to preach to Mexicans, sets off for the city of that name. Upon his arrival, he opens his commission and God owns it by the conversion of some of the people. In the number will be found old, middle aged, young, of different capacities, habits, acquirements, occupations. Amongst these will unquestionably be some willing to assist in the edification of the church by prophecy, by ministry, by exhortation, by teaching, by ruling. For, these gifts are essential to the very nature and being of the Christian Church. Over these converts, when first gathered out from the world, the first Missionary appoints some man as pastor or minister, with directions to set things in order, and to continue the preaching of the word. He himself goes forward in the same spirit and with the same success. Years thus pass on: numbers are added: churches built: the government assumes its form, and rules and regulations are adopted as circumstances may require. Now, as sure as time goes on, this is to be the course of things in Mexico; for I again assert, that wherever the Gospel be preached to unconverted men, whether to the stiff-necked inhabitants of Judea, or to the accomplished citizens of Athens, whether to Barbarian, or Scythian, bond or free, whether in the deserts of Africa, or in the Isles of the Pacific, such as I have here described, will be its commencement and its progress. In the hands of men actually sent of God in the 19th century, it will work as in the days of the Apostles, for the establishment and edification of the church.

This composition in the Christian Church, constitutes it absolute, unqualified perfection. It is styled the body of Christ. It is said to be knit together with bands.—Each part receives nourishment from the other: nor can one say to the other, "I have no need of thee"—strife and emulation are driven out from this commonwealth of equality—the notion of supremacy is exploded—and he only is greatest who has learned to be servant of all.

The different parts that compose this body are described with great distinctness. In examining it, we will first endeavor to discover, if the doctrine of the three orders has any foundation in the scriptures.

I cannot say, whether Mr. Wesley held that these were but one order or not, seeing he considered Bishops and Elders as the same; or whether he added the Deacons as another. But whether one or two, or more, he considered himself, with respect to the Methodists, as



Head of the whole. And so far as his own labors extended, he was right for a certain time. He was an apostle to the British no doubt; but to no other people as certainly. But when he says, that Bishops and Elders were the same order, I think he was mistaken. The authority to which he refers as deciding his judgment, (Lord King's account of the primitive church,) I have never seen and should not respect if I had. We have better authority in the Scriptures, and taking them as our guide and applying the course of the ministry in their labors in this country, to that of the apostles in their labors in Greece, we can discover the error into which most people have fallen. But how could Mr. Wesley, with the Bible before him, say, that Bishops and Elders were the same? Timothy and Titus ordained Elders in Ephesus and in Crete, and it is plain from the sacred volume that these Elders were subordinate to them. It is useless to argue against this fact. It proves that they cannot be the same order. But if they are two orders, then the old English church have unquestionably the truth on their side in this dispute.

It does not appear to me, that the Elders were an order of ministers at all. We will now turn to the Scriptures.

DISCIPLE.

### THE PULPIT GALLERY.

THE REV. ADAM CLARKE, LL. D. F.S.A. &c. &c.

"He's a learned man.—From his cradle  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;  
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading."

Shakspeare.

This individual has been so long distinguished as a Christian, a minister, a scholar, and a divine, that we should leave ourselves without excuse if we did not assign him a conspicuous place in our gallery of portraits.

It is not of importance to know "to whom" pious and learned men are "related," or "by whom" they were "begot." And there are numerous cases in which the acquirement of such knowledge is impossible. The individual possesses the secret, and for various reasons, keeps it securely locked in his own bosom. We see him standing on a distinguished pedestal in the temple of fame, "with all his blushing honours thick upon him," and we admire the providence which has conducted him thither; while the particulars of his history—the circumstances which developed his talents—and the precise means by which he was enabled to climb the steep, are either ascertained with difficulty, or hid in impenetrable obscurity.

We are not, however, left in complete ignorance as to the early history of Adam Clarke. We learn from authentic sources that his father was a member of an English family of respectability—that his mother was of an ancient family in Scotland—and that their reduced fortunes occasioned them to settle in Ireland, where, at Magherafelt, about thirty miles from the city of Londonderry, Adam Clarke himself was born in the year 1763.

His parents were pious and well informed. Circumstances left his early tuition chiefly in the hands of his mother; and if we may form any correct opinion of the talents of the tutor from those of the pupil, we may safely suppose that her qualifications for training him in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," were of a very superior order. Under her fostering care his young and susceptible spirit was early touched with piety, and as soon as he could well be taught any thing, he was taught to know, and fear, and love the God and Father of all, and to worship Him in spirit and in truth, through the only Mediator. The religious principles thus early implanted, expanded and strengthened as he advanced in years; he became a decided Christian in the very blossoming time of youth, and was happily arrayed in the whole panoply of God before he was exposed to the dangers of public life, or brought to contend with the snares and seductions of the world.

His father being diligently engaged from day to day, in his occupations as a farmer, had not perhaps discerned in his son Adam, any peculiar predilections in favour of a learned profession. Had this been the case, it is more than probable that he would not have cherished it, but that he would have judged it most prudent to turn the attention of his son towards trade and commerce. From his father, however, Adam received his first classical instructions: but, though he was able to have imparted to him a sound and mature education, he withheld the boon in a great measure; partly, from his circumstances and prospects in life, and partly because he foresaw that his agricultural cares would too frequently engage his time and call off his attention, as well as divide the time and attention of his pupil to too great a degree for any early proficiency in learning to be expected.

Having designed his son for trade, Mr. Clarke placed him under the care of Mr. Bennett, an extensive linen-manufacturer in the neighbourhood. Mr. Bennett received him with pleasure, as an intelligent, industrious, pious lad. Young Clarke had either no power or no disposition to throw any obstacles in the way of a connexion which his father evidently desired, and to which perhaps he himself thought he should be able to reconcile himself. But whether he betrayed his aversion to manual labour and manufacturing science, or whether, which is more probable, he discovered his strong predilections in favour of learned studies—it was soon perceived that he was completely out of his element, and a separation between him and his master took place. The separation was effected in a manner honourable to all the parties concerned, and Mr. Bennett continued a steady friend and a regular correspondent of Dr. Clarke's till the period of his death.

A pious, intelligent, zealous young man, will always be anxious to make himself useful to those around him. So it was in the case before us—at the early age of sixteen, if we are not misinformed, Mr. Clarke began to exhort small congregations of the village poor in his neighbourhood, to "repentance towards God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ."

About this time the venerable founder of Methodism, the late Rev. John Wesley, was active in his enquiries after pious and promising young men to assist him in the great and good work in which he had engaged. Adam Clarke was pointed out to him, as a suitable person, by a preacher who had acquired a knowledge of his rising talents. Mr. Wesley had some time before founded a school at Kingswood, near Bristol, for the education of the sons of his preachers, especially those whose talents and zeal justified their entire devotedness to the labours of the ministry. After a short correspondence, young Clarke was sent to this school. Whether the pupil was too intelligent, or enquiring, or proficient,—certain it was that the treatment he met with from the master was such as would immediately have discouraged a mind less ardent,—that treatment we have been informed was unkind, harsh, and even violent. Some have supposed it to have arisen out of a determination on the part of the pupil to apply himself to the acquisition of more extensive learning than the system and resources of that seminary contemplated. It was during that trying period that he laid the foundation of that profound and philosophical acquaintance with the Hebrew language, to which he ultimately attained. Mr. Wesley soon after arrived at Kingswood, and the pains and fears of Mr. Clarke were dispersed. That acute observer perceived and estimated the excellence of his persecuted protegee, and in a short time judged him worthy of undertaking the labours of an evangelical itinerancy.

Mr. Clarke entered on his public work in 1782, when he was but just turned the age of eighteen. Several circumstances combined to render him a preacher of the highest popularity among the early Methodists, and of the greatest usefulness in extending the influence, and exalting the character, of Methodism. His youth attracted multitudes of hearers; and then the sight of so young a man addressing, with modest and humble courage, congregations consisting of hundreds, and sometimes of thousands, of curious hearers, could not fail to awaken inquiry and to excite interest. Then his ability so far surpassed his years—and his ingenuity and intelligence so much outstripped his appearance—and his sincerity and integrity so strongly confirmed his piety—that admiration and applause abounded in every part, and often took the place of that aversion which the zeal of Methodism in those days so generally excited. Methodism did not then "walk in golden slippers;" and Mr. Clarke received his full share of that senseless and violent persecution to which its early advocates were exposed. In the Norman isles, we understand, he was treated with gross insult, being on one occasion drummed out of the town of St. Hillier, in Jersey, and threatened with death should he again attempt to preach in that place. It is worthy of remark that he did renew that attempt, and not only escaped death, but received applause from some of his former persecutors for the astonishing intrepidity of his conduct. More recently, too, in the neighbourhood of Liverpool, he received a violent blow on the head, as he was returning from a village chapel, which "was known to have been inflicted by a member of a certain community, which asserts, that actions may sometimes be meritorious, though they should be stained with blood." The personal injury which this shock occasioned was rendered the more striking from its being followed by forbearance towards the assailant, even when the law had placed him in his power.

If Dr. Clarke has become less popular than formerly, as a preacher, in consequence of the more commanding eloquence and dazzling talents of some of his juniors, he is still highly respected, and listened to with deep atten-

tion and sincere regard. His figure is tall, and his general appearance dignified; though there is a degree of rusticity about his phraseology and action which is displeasing to a finical eye and ear. His voice is strong, but not melodious, and often wants due modulation. Though few men have studied their mother tongue more closely, and though he has all the weighty bullion of the English language at his command, he rarely uses a poetical figure or an elegant turn of expression. His discourses, however, have the redeeming qualities of clearness and penetration. He is logical and argumentative—more frequently addressing the judgment than the passions; or rather, he aims to work his way to the heart, through the medium of the understanding. And he can be feeling and impassioned when his subject seems particularly to require it; we have heard him, towards the close of a sermon, enforce a *present salvation* on the acceptance of his hearers, in terms which have gone far to affect every heart. In the field of legitimate argument, when combatting the subtle objections of infidelity, or establishing the truth of Christianity, or demonstrating the immortality of the human soul, or vindicating the providence of God to man, he exercises the talents of a great master, and wields with powerful energy the weapons of truth. He is "mighty in the Scriptures," and in the *exposition* of them to the people, his great strength is apparent: here he brings all his general knowledge to bear upon his subject, and astonishes and delights his hearers as a philosopher, at the same time that he instructs and benefits them as a divine.

But if Dr. Clarke be somewhat less popular than a few of his talented juniors, he maintains an acknowledged superiority to them, as well as to the learned generally of other denominations, in Biblical literature, and in a critical acquaintance with the ancient and modern tongues. At an early age, he informs us, he took for his motto, "*Through desire, a man, having separated himself, seeketh and intermeddeth with all wisdom.*" By his exemplary assiduity in the improvement of his early classical attainments, he became before he was forty years of age, one of the most distinguished *literati* of his day and country. And for the studies necessary to this honourable result, he never sacrificed any of the duties of the Christian minister. He continued to teach "publicly, and also from house to house," even when he was prosecuting literary objects of the most important and profound description. "Rising early, and late taking rest—avoiding all visits of ceremony, and journeys of mere pleasure and recreation—restricting himself to the most wholesome diet and temperate beverage—not allowing unnecessary intrusion on his time;—these have been among the wise means by which he has at once performed so much important duty, acquired so vast a store of useful knowledge, and retained so unusual a portion of sound and vigorous health." Nor have his pursuits been selfish: it deserves to be universally known that he applied himself diligently to the study of languages for the purpose of assisting the British and Foreign Bible Society, as well as illustrating the meaning of the Bible itself. With what success his labours have been crowned, his translations, in whole or in part, for that noble society, and his extensive commentary on the Scriptures, abundantly testify. His titles, especially his degree of LL. D. were granted avowedly as tributes of respect to his pre-eminent acquirements in almost every branch of literary science.

The works of Dr. Clarke are very numerous. His anonymous contributions to some of the best of our periodical publications have been neither few nor small. He has also published several tracts and single sermons. His *Bibliographical Dictionary*—his *Concise View of the Succession of Sacred Literature*—his translation of Sturm's *Reflections on the Works of God*—his edition of Fleury's *Manners of the Ancient Israelites*—of Harmer's *Observations*, and of Butterworth's *Concordance*, all deservedly claim attention. More recently, he has published three volumes of "*Discourses on Various Subjects, relative to the Being and Attributes of God, and his Works in Creation, Providence and Grace*," which are evidently written with very great care, and many of which are "fine examples of sanctified learning and holy unction." But his principal work is his *Commentary on the Old and New Testament*. Different opinions may be entertained of this, both with regard to its doctrines, its criticisms, and its interpretations. Here and there may be found a startling theory, and a doubtful sentiment: but it contains a vast accumulation of most valuable criticisms and comments—opinions and illustrations—wise remarks and judicious reflections. It is, altogether, an uncommon display of industry and ingenuity. Whatever is novel is submitted with much modesty, and the greatest candour is expressed towards those who entertain different sentiments.

Dr. Clarke has attained to the highest honours in the religious body with which he is connected—having been



elected to the presidential chair at their Annual Conferences no less than *three* times. In 1815 he fitted up a cottage for retirement at Milbrook, near Liverpool, and in the cultivation of several acres of land, which were attached to the house, he took great delight, and soon acquired the character of a scientific and practical farmer. Some were ready to imagine that this relaxation, though strongly urged by judicious friends, savoured too much of a wish to indulge in the luxury of leisure and seclusion—but they mistook the man! Dr. Clarke has since left Milbrook to reside at Eastcote, near Pinner, in the vicinity of the metropolis; and though his increasing infirmities and impaired sight prevent his taking his accustomed share of labour with his brethren, he is found ready to assist at every opportunity in every thing which is connected with the benefit of his fellow men, and the glory of God his Saviour. He has, we understand, a most interesting little museum, and an extensive and almost invaluable library, which is especially rich in oriental literature.—*Pulpit.*

POETRY.

From the London British Magazine.

STANZAS BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

How great are his signs, and how mighty are his wonders! His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation.—*Daniel.*

I marked the Spring, as she passed along  
With her eye of light and her lip of song;  
While she stole in peace o'er the green earth's breast,  
While the streams sprang out from their icy rest:  
The buds bent low to the breeze's sigh,  
And their breath went forth to the scented sky;  
When the fields looked fresh in their sweet repose,  
And the young dewdrops slept on the new-born rose.

I looked upon Summer;—the golden sun  
Poured joy over all that he looked upon;  
His glance was cast like a gift abroad,  
Like the boundless smile of a perfect God!  
The stream shone glad in his magic ray—  
The fleecy clouds o'er the green hills lay;  
Over rich, dark woodlands their shadows went,  
As they floated in light through the firmament.

The scene was changed. It was Autumn's hour.  
A frost had discolored the summer bower;  
The blast wailed sad 'midst the cankered leaves,  
The reaper stood musing by gathered sheaves;  
The mellow pomp of the rainbow woods  
Was stirred by the sound of the rising floods;  
And I knew by the cloud—by the wild wind's strain,  
That Winter drew near, with storms, again!

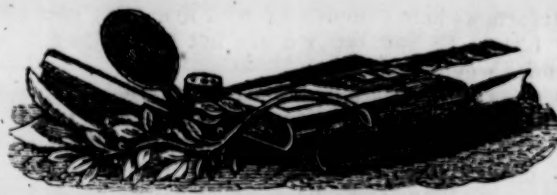
I stood by the Ocean; its waters rolled  
In their changeful beauty of sapphire and gold;  
And Day looked down with its radiant smiles,  
Where the blue waves danced round a thousand isles;  
The ships went forth on the trackless seas,  
Their white wings placed in the joyous breeze;  
Their prows rushed on 'midst the parted foam,  
While the wanderer was wrapt in a dream of Home!

The mountain arose with its lofty brow,  
While its shadow lay sleeping in vales below;  
The mist, like a garland of glory lay,  
Where its proud heights soared in the air away;  
The eagle was there on his tireless wing,  
And his shriek went up like an offering;  
And he seemed, in his sunward flight, to raise  
A chant of thanksgiving—a hymn of praise!

I looked on the arch of the midnight skies,  
With its blue and unsearchable mysteries;  
The moon, 'midst an eloquent multitude  
Of unnumbered stars, her career pursued:  
A charm of sleep on the city fell,  
All sounds lay hushed in that brooding spell—  
By babbling brooks were the buds at rest,  
And the wild-bird dreamed sweet on his downy nest.

I stood where the deepening tempest passed;  
The strong trees groaned in the sounding blast;  
The murmuring deep with its wrecks rolled on,  
The clouds over shadowed the mighty sun;  
The low reeds bent by the streamlet's side,  
And hills to the thunder-peal replied—  
The lightning burst forth on its fearful way,  
While the heavens were lit in its red array!

And hath man the power, with his pride and his skill,  
To arouse all Nature with storms at will?  
Hath he power to color the summer cloud—  
To allay the tempest when the hills are bowed?  
Can he waken the spring with her festal wreath  
Can the sun grow dim by his lightest breath?  
Will he come again, when death's vale is trod?  
Who then shall dare murmur "*there is no God!*"



BALTIMORE:

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1831.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Plain Truth" was in type before we received "Argus." The latter will easily perceive the reason for withholding his communication.

Several letters we have received, shall be published in our next.

FOREIGN.

FALL OF WARSAW—IMPRESSION PRODUCED AT PARIS—DEFEAT OF PERIER.

Extracts from the Correspondence of the London Morning Chronicle.

PARIS, Sept. 17, 1831.

SIR,—Warsaw has capitulated! The White Eagle has fallen, dyed in the blood of the bravest, the noblest, and the best; and the Grand Duke Michael occupies the former palace of the Grand Duke Constantine! Do you tremble as you read these lines! Do you turn pale with rage, and your heart cease to beat, and your warm life blood, does it not chill in your veins? This is natural, just, and patriotic. But your tears will be unavailing; your sighs not reach the iron heart of the Tyrant of Russia and the Despot of the North; and the Poles will refuse the sympathy of all men; for they have received the protection of none. Warsaw has fallen! The Russian army has feasted its rapacity on the treasures of the city—pillaged, sacked, burned, ravished, destroyed.—The father and the husband have fled the city, to associate with the brethren, in order to defend at Modlin the last vestige of national independence, and have left their wives and their little ones to the tender mercies of savage Cossacks, and the fatherly humanity and sympathy of the Russian Despot. They were not merely justified, but commendable, for making this sacrifice. They abandoned all for their country; and liberty is now seeking an asylum in the entrenched camp of the Polish army, under the walls of Modlin. Do not imagine that she will demand a shelter in England, or ask for protection in France. Let us hear no more of the wretched trash of England being "the classic land of liberty," and let us reserve all our praises for the Poles; all our regrets for France and England; and all our courage and resolution for the hours of danger and of woe which approach us.

The fall of Warsaw will survive as an historical fact to denote the want of feeling, of sense, of law, of justice, of courage, of patriotism, of the love of freedom, and of civilization, as well in France as in Great Britain, in the nineteenth century; and when some ignorant or half reading apologist for these times shall venture in succeeding ages to point to the revolution of July and the Reform Bill of England as the facts of 1830 and 1831, the calm and sober historian will read from the pages of the *Moniteur* of the 16th September.

"Une dépêche télégraphique de Strasbourg a appris, ce soir, au Gouvernement, que Varsovie avait capitulé le 8, après deux jours de combat. L'armée Russe a pris possession de la ville. L'armée Polonoise s'est retirée dans le Palatinat de Plock et se Porte sur Modlin."

Not a word of sympathy! not a line of sorrow! not a tear of regret! not a syllable of encouragement! for the brave and the noble heroes of the age in which we live; and the historian will then examine the columns of the *Moniteur* for the succeeding day, and will thus read the announcement of the event made by the Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Chamber of Deputies:

"Messieurs, le Gouvernement a communiqué tous les renseignements qui lui étaient parvenus sur les événements de la Pologne. Il a appris qu'une capitulation avait mis au pouvoir des Russes la place et la ville de Varsovie; que l'armée Polonoise s'était retirée dans les environs de Modlin; que 24,000 Polonais seulement se trouvaient à Varsovie, quand elle a été attaquée et que 36,000 hommes se trouvaient en Podlachie. A la date de la dépêche, l'ordre régnait à Varsovie."

This will be sufficient. "Order reigns at Warsaw!" These were the words of the Minister of Louis Phillip, when he announced the saddest news which ever broke on the ear of a disgraced and humiliated people! "Order reigns at Warsaw!" Yes, the order of the tomb! the order of the funeral pile! the order of the dungeon, the rack, the maniac, the idiot, and the dying! "Order reigns at Warsaw!"—That is, Russia triumphant—the bloody standard is once more unfurled, the Diet is driven from the walls of the city, the orphan and the widow alone remain to gaze with vacant eye on their oppressors, or to die the victims of the lust and the blood thirsty appetites of their tyrants and masters. "Order reigns at Warsaw!" Then it is that "order" which precedes the last convulsive throes of the dying martyr; when engaged in an act of devotion and of reflection, he first commends his soul to his God, and then surrenders his body to his merciless executioner. Oh! how my soul loathes this wretched, wretched system, which has brought France to anarchy, the Throne of the Barcades to pity and contempt, and the Revolution of July to be the subject of mockery and scoffing by every driveller on the 'Change, and by every puling politician in the Salons of this vast metropolis. But it is the same system in London. You have done no more in England than we have done in France. The same system of delusion has been carried on, the same system of subservience to Prussia, Russia, and Austria; the same determination to adopt in 1831, the bloody and cruel treaties of 1814 and 1815; and the same indifference has been manifested by both the Governments for the rights of men, the interests of liberty, and the happiness of the world.

The scenery of this tragedy I am not about to attempt to describe. I am not about lending my pen to pander to the taste of mere news, whether that news be serviceable or injurious to human nature; nor am I about to dwell with savage curiosity on scenes which would madden by their interest, or should disgust by their atrocity. You may take, however, if you will, the following sketch:—It is accurate and brief. It will show you that Poland is entitled to your honour as well as your love. But neither honour nor love will avail her, without an expedition be sent to the Baltic, and a squadron to the Black Sea. If the British Government will not make this sacrifice for Polish independence, and the cause of liberty throughout the world, the day will come when Great Britain as well as France will repent of her cowardice and avarice with tears of blood.

"According to reports in circulation, Paskewitch offered the Poles, on the 5th September, humiliating conditions which they could not accept without dishonouring themselves; they preferred to die with arms in their hands. The fighting continued for two days; the carnage was frightful. On the 7th, Paskewitch renewed his propositions on a soil smoking with the blood of the brave. If on the 5th the Muscovite yoke was rejected, it may be supposed that it would be rejected with horror after the massacre of two days. If they could not prevent the victor, bathed in the blood of the Patriots, from entering Warsaw, at least the defenders of their country have not to blush at having yielded it to him. The Russian Government is, in fact, in possession of Warsaw; and that is all; as to the right, it has less than ever: no free nation will ever recognize it."

But have we no hope for Poland, independent of those we would desire to derive from the still clinging fondness for our country's honor, and our anxiety to remove our country's shame? If neither France nor England shall demand the independence of Poland as a separate and distinct kingdom, will she, from henceforth, become the slave of Russian ambition and the victim of Russian tyranny? I do not believe this. Our excellent and admirable friends of the Polish Committee do not partake this opinion.

The brave, the gallant, the patriotic the intrepid, undying hero of two revolutions and of liberty both in France and in America, the immortal Lafayette! has still not merely hopes for Poland, but the strongest and the liveliest hopes. Even from that Prince of Jesuits, M. Horace Sebastiani, we learn there were 36,000 Polish troops in Podlachia, who had not surrendered, as well as 24,000 at Warsaw, who had retired upon Modlin. Still, then, we have some grounds for hope; for although the Lithuanian revolution is not prosperous, yet it is not extinct; and though in Volhynia the insurrection had not been successful, yet "order" had not been "re-established;" and in the Russian provinces, though at Novogorod the military tumults had been for the moment appeased, yet dissatisfaction and disorder universally prevail. This band of 60,000 men may yet be able to preserve the ark of freedom from becoming the prey of tyrants; and we may yet hear of triumphs and victories which shall restore us to warmth and animation: for at present we are frozen, torpid, and dead.



The impression produced by this news at Paris has been marked, decided, profound. It has not been confined to a party—nor to the students, or the journalists; or the Deputies, or the middling or the lower classes. The funds have fallen—even the public funds, cruel and cold as they are—have felt this triumph of despotism to be a vast evil; the Theatres are closed—the streets are the scenes of agitation; the residence of Sebastiani has been attacked by the people—some citizens have sought for arms as in July, 1830—the Marseillais has been sung under the windows of Pozzo di Borgos—the Deputies expressed their regrets, their shame and their disgrace in no measured language, and with no set phrases or terms of oratory—the Journals are full of bitterness and invective, and the most moderate men hang down their heads and mutter, “We are certainly for peace, but not for peace and dishonor, disgrace and shame.”

At the Palais Royal mobs assemble; the Journals are read aloud; burst of indignation are heard from all parts, and there is but one cry—“Vive la Pologne!” and “A bas les Ministres.” The black flag has been hoisted in the Rue St. Martin. A gunsmith’s shop has been entered, and all the arms seized on the Boulevard Poissonniere, and every where we meet crape hat bands, crape weepers, and we hear the loud and deep curses of those who made the Revolution against those who have thus ruined it. On Monday M. Mauguin, the General Lafayette, and M. Laurence will bring on the subject for discussion in the Chamber of Deputies. The Minister must be overthrown. M. Perier must be sent back to retirement, obscurity, and even disgrace. The Revolution must march; and if war be necessary to assure the independence of Poland, and the progress of the Revolution of July, then we must make war, and sustain war, and defeat all our enemies; rather than the principle of our Revolution should be overcome either in France, Poland, Italy, Belgium, Spain, or Portugal.

In the Chamber of Deputies, M. Perier has been defeated—both yesterday and on Thursday—signally and triumphantly defeated. You know that the jabberers about politics told you that this man had a majority in the Chamber for his system, as well as for himself. I told you no; and each day confirms my statement. The titles conferred by Napoleon during the 100 days were of course taken away by the cruel and ignorant Restoration. Those entitled to honors and pensions have, since the Revolution, applied to rewear and re-enjoy them! But M. Perier has refused his assent, and has pleaded the question as one of finance and not of honor—of pounds, shillings and pence, and not of justice or of national feeling! Yesterday and Thursday, Marshal Soult opposed a project for reconfering these grades and pensions; but he opposed in vain, and the Chamber adopted the measure by a great majority.

The drums beat to arms! The mobs are assembled in the streets! The Place Vendome is full of citizens! There is but one cry, “vive la Pologne!” “Down with the Ministers!” Patience, and you shall see who is right—Casimir Perier or

Your obedient servant,

O. P. Q.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

MARYLAND.

Anne Arundel Circuit, Oct. 25th, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER,—We have on this Circuit some refreshing seasons. At a two days meeting, held at Holly Run meeting house, some time in September last, several souls professed to be converted and have since joined our society. At All Saints’ there has been for some time past a considerable excitement. Twelve have lately joined us there. Last Saturday and Sunday two weeks, we held a two days meeting there also: it was truly a time of the out-pouring of the spirit of God. Our love feast, which was well attended, was one of the best some of us had ever witnessed. Here, the old and new side were permitted to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus;—it was indeed a feast of love long to be remembered by us.

The congregation on Sabbath morning was said to be the largest, that was ever seen at that place before. The house, which will hold about four hundred, was crowded to overflowing. A deep solemnity pervaded the assembly where the word of life was dispensed. At night, when the exercises of the pulpit were over, an invitation was given to mourners to approach the altar of prayer, when ten came forward and desired an interest in the prayers of God’s people. It was not in vain: the Lord spoke in mercy, and some of them were enabled to testify that God had power on earth to forgive sin.—Several joined us as the fruit of that meeting, and more are expected to join us soon.

Reformers here commenced with five: they now number forty. So you see we are not going down as our enemies would have it.

A report has been industriously circulated on this circuit, that sixty reformers in the city of New York had lately left us and returned to the mother church. And one old side brother, who has for a long time been grieved at the expulsions and secessions of reformers from the old church, is now quite relieved, hoping this is the commencement of a universal return. Query—what effect will it produce in his mind when he shall learn, that those sixty alluded to, did not belong to us?

Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, run and be glorified. Several of your writers have entertained us with essays on the duty and qualifications of the ministers of the gospel: but there is another subject to which we would be glad they would turn some of their attention at least,—that is, the duty of professors of religion, to pray for their ministers.—O, how little praying in some of our congregations! Many of the professed servants of God sit during a whole sermon without once asking the Almighty to bless the preacher, the people, or even themselves. When will the people awake from this mock worship, and pray that the word of the Lord may have free course, run and be glorified. Yours, &c.

WILLIAM COLLIER.

For the Methodist Protestant.

NEW YORK.

Richland, 17th October, 1831.

DEAR BROTHER,—As I have some leisure, I will make a few remarks on “Plain Truth,” in No. 37, of your excellent paper.

I think “Plain Truth” makes an inappropriate application of the text, 1 Tim. 5 c. 8 v. I think, if he will examine the context, he will be convinced that the Apostle *exclusively* applies the text to professing christians who have destitute aged mothers or aunts, and are able to maintain them; but who are so parsimonious, that they will impose them on the provisions made by the church for helpless widows. The spirit manifested by such, is so far from the generous spirit of Christians, that it is worse than the spirit of an infidel: inasmuch as infidels would disdain to sponge on the public supplies for the poor: and would provide for such, especially their own household, if at all in their own power.

As the said text is used by some, it contradicts the plain command of our Lord, illustrated with amplitude by himself—so supporting to *preachers especially*, in carrying the Gospel to the poor. The confidence which preachers ought to maintain in excluding anxious thoughts, by trusting for support in God, while they are *conscious they are doing the work of the Lord*, does not by any means exonerate the people, with whom they labor, from contributing amply to their support. And the neglect thereof, no doubt, has prevented such souls from enjoying the gifts of the grace of God. Pity, indeed, that they should lose so much for the sake of a little! But the preacher may enjoy himself in peace, exulting, and saying, God is my portion—and I have a goodly portion—the earth is the Lord’s and the fullness thereof—I shall have withholden from me no good thing. In thus trusting in God, and in thus doing his work, he may hope against hope, and experience himself and his family fed (if not by ravens,) yet in such a way, as to behold the kind hand of his heavenly father, which will be sweeter to his taste, than honey or the honey comb.

Yours affectionately,

M. BURDGE.

For the Methodist Protestant.

TENNESSEE.

Hayward County, Tenn. 1831.

DEAR BROTHER,—Your valuable paper, the Methodist Protestant is read with interest, and the box of books has just now arrived; of course not yet circulated. But the principles of reform are universally received, by all the intelligent people of this part of the country who are at liberty to think and act for themselves. It is to be lamented, however, that the opposition of the Episcopal ministry to investigation, is great. Their power and influence here, are greatly declining; and all that is wanting is the spread of our discipline, constitution, and bill of rights, and the necessary number of travelling ministers, having piety and talents. We must certainly be approved of God and man. Our people consistently acknowledging one only Head, Christ Jesus, the Lord;—our government maintaining the rights of the people.—Monarchy, vassalage, meanness, will surely have to fly. And Truth and Right must and will prevail.”

There are many ministers and laymen anxiously waiting for our book of discipline and other works upon the subject of reformation; and for travelling ministers to organize societies. Little as we are known; little as we may appear to you, people living in the Jerusalem of Methodist Protestants; little as we may feel ourselves; little as we have been noticed in the Mutual Rights, &c.; notwithstanding all we have suffered, nearly resisting unto blood, fighting the disguised man of sin and his followers; still, through grace, we, living here in this remote western district, stand firm on the side of religious freedom, and the time is not distant, when this region, lately a wilderness, through God’s blessing and protection, will blossom as the rose. The fertile valley of the great Mississippi is settling very fast. Its many advantages in respect to soil and trade, will continue to invite emigration to a great extent. And of those who emigrate, I will say there is an uncommon proportion of people of intelligence, taking every thing into view.—We will not boast our number of reformers, as our plan is, first to inform the people respecting the general principles upon which reform is predicated, and then leave it with themselves to judge. We have some societies, formed of the first characters in the country, of whose standing in the community we might safely boast. But I forbear. This I leave to our brother Elliott, the travelling preacher, to do, if he sees proper. I will only say, that public opinion, that is, of all disinterested Protestant people, is in our favor. The Bill of Rights is in itself a host on our side. I have read it with delight, and it is considered by our best judges to be the production of a master.

I have not seen any notice taken in the Methodist Protestant, &c. which you publish, of the proceedings of our Annual Conference for the state of Tennessee. Our President was expected to send on a notice for publication. It is true our delegates did not attend the convention in November last. They were prevented by sickness. But they were duly elected by the Conference which consisted of thirty or forty members. Harmony prevailed in all our deliberations; and such was the display of God’s approbation and power, that forty souls or upwards found redemption in the peace-speaking blood of Christ. Universal good feeling prevailed throughout the meeting. The morning on which the meeting was concluded, exceeded any thing I ever witnessed, long as I have been a Methodist.

I directed some of my Vindications and Defence to be sent to your city. Fearing they may not have reached you, I send you one by my friend, brother Bein, the Agent above referred to. He and the object of his agency have been well received by us, and the Cumberland Presbyterians in general, also by the liberal old side Presbyterians, and by many respectable people who belong to no particular fellowship. Being generally acquainted throughout the different counties of the district, I will say to you, he has laid a foundation for instruction, by means of which the rising generation will learn something better than priestly domination, or ignorant bigotry, as being the mother of devotion. This you may say to the board from me. And notwithstanding all the heavy artillery which was fired at him for his laudable exertions, he has come off unhurt; and I hope he will do well in this noble cause wheresoever he may be sent. In conclusion I will say to you we will only boast of our tribulation. We have passed through the fire. The old side, so called, have done their worst in endeavouring to defile our garments and empty our pockets. Their plan has been to expel us, or use the *scratch law*,\* and then report at large that we were turned out for immoral conduct and not because we were reformers. In consequence we were compelled to have recourse to the press. I myself paid forty dollars for the publication of my defence, to be gratuitously distributed for the information of the community. In the mean time, our persecuting travelling preachers were boasting round their circuits, that not only our characters would go, but that our money would go with them. But our struggle is over, and our enemies have not made their seed corn, whilst our prospect is encouraging, that at the gathering of the harvest, we shall be fully recompensed for all our toil and suffering. I am yours in the bonds of a peaceful Gospel.

JOSEPH WALKER.

\*In reference to the custom in the old church, of erasing names from the class-paper, without a trial.

For every drop of sin in the life there is an ocean in the heart.—*St. Austin.*

Vice is a gradual and easy descent, and the declivity at every pace becomes more steep, and those who descend go down every moment with greater rapidity.—*Hawthornth.*

He that turns not from every sin, turns not aright from any sin.—*Id.*



GATHERER.

For the Methodist Protestant.

MR. EDITOR.—You will do me a favour, to publish in your valuable paper, the following little piece:—

THE HAPPY MAN'S PEDIGREE.

The happy man was born in the City of Regeneration, in the Parish of Repentance unto life. He was educated at the school of obedience, and lives now in perseverance. He works at the trade of diligence, notwithstanding he has a large estate in the country of christian contentment, and many times does jobs of self denial. He wears the plain garment of humility, and has a better suit to put on when he goes to court, called the robe of Christ and his righteousness; he walks in the valley of self abasement, and some times climbs the mountain of spiritual mindedness. He breakfasts every morning on spiritual prayer, and sups every evening on the same. He has meat to eat that the world knows not of, and drinks the sincere milk of the word. Thus happy he lives and happy he dies. Happy is he, who has gospel submission in his will, due order in his affections, sound peace in his conscience, sanctifying grace in his soul, real divinity in his breast, true humility in his heart, the Redeemer's yoke on his neck, a vain world under his feet, and a crown of glory over his head. Happy is the life of such an one; in order to attain which, pray fervently, believe firmly, wait patiently, work abundantly, live holily, die daily, watch your heart, guide your senses, redeem your time, love Christ, and long for glory.

From the Monthly Magazine.

MAXIMS BY A MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN.

There are two ways of looking at any thing remarkable in this remarkable world: if you look at it with the left eye it is one thing; with the right, it is another; with both, it is itself, or more than itself. An artist, looking even at an old post by the high-way side, will perceive in it something picturesque—a plain man will see nothing more in it than a piece of wood, misshapen and rotten. You may look at things serious and turn them into humour; at things humorous, and they become grave; in fact, there are two sides of every thing; but maximists generally have looked with their favourite eye only on the favourite side of things, an economy of their visual organs which I disdain to imitate; on the contrary I shall use all the eyes I have by nature, and shall look as often at the reverse as the obverse of "things in general."

**AUTHORS.**—Young authors are a very sore race, if you touch one of their faults, though with ever so tender a finger: I know not wherefore. If a man mount a pedestal to attract notice to himself, we should not wonder if, having a hole or two in his hose, he is told of them by the standers by.

Young authors are in general very gluttons of praise, and ostriches in the digestion of it: nothing sits uneasily on their stomachs but censure. They will bolt any given quantity of praise you can bring them—"the total grain unsifted, husks and all." But if you add a morsel or so of dry advice, or hint an amendment, phew! the entire gunpowder of their genius is fired off the instant, and beware of the explosion. Yet indiscriminate praise is certainly the ruin of young ability. As there are some men so cynical, that they will tell you only of your errors, so there are others who will only flatter you for your merits, and conceal your faults. This is like praising the cut of your coat, and winking at the hole in the elbow.

**SECRETS.**—The easiest way of keeping a secret is to forget it as soon as communicated. You may have a considerable reputation for confidence in this matter, thus easily acquired. The only secret worth knowing in this life is, how one man contrives to be better than another; all the rest is mere alchemy.

**SELF-PRaise.**—I never believe in the virtues of a man who makes an inventory of them, and boasts of the items, for three reasons: the first is, I can't.

**COMPLAINTS OF LIFE.**—Those who most complain of life are those who have made it disagreeable. Some men stuff their beds with the thorns of remorse, instead of the down of repose, and when they lie on them, they roar with the agony they have inflicted on themselves. As reasonably might the ass complain of the thistles which wound his mouth when he persists in chewing them. Those who most feel the load of life complain the least of it.

Our sourest disappointments are made out of our sweetest hopes, as the best vinegar is made from the best wine. It were happier if men would hope less, that they might be less disappointed; but who shall set the mark, and who would keep within it if it were set?

**CONVERSATION.**—In conversation, eschew that poor penny-farthing pedantry of suggesting etymologies, and

being curious about the origin of this or that expression. Words are the current coin of conversation; take them as they are told down to you, and pay them away as they are demanded. It would be as rational for a man to be curious to know through what hands every shilling in his purse had passed, as whence this word is derived, and whence the other.

Avoid quotations, unless you are well studied in their import, and feel their pertinence. My friend —, the other day, looking at the skeleton of an ass which had been dug out of a sandpit, and admiring and wondering at the structure even of that despised animal, made a very mal-adroit use of one. "Ah!" said he with the deepest humility, and a simplicity worthy of La Fontaine, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

In argument you need not trouble yourself to contradict a positive man; let him alone and he will very soon do it for himself

From the Polynesian Researches.

ANECDOTES OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

**Expedient to procure a substitute for Books.**—"I have often been amused with the ingenuity and perseverance manifested by the natives in their endeavours to obtain a substitute for books. The bark of the paper mulberry was frequently beaten to a pulp, spread out on a board, and wrought and dried with great care, till it resembled a coarse sort of card. This was sometimes cut into pieces about the size of the leaves of a book; and upon these, with a reed cut in the shape of a pen, and immersed in red or purple vegetable dye, the alphabet, syllable, and reading lessons of the spelling-book, and the scripture extracts usually read in the school, have been neatly and correctly copied. Sometimes the whole was accurately written on one broad sheet of paper, like native cloth, and, after the manner of the ancients, carefully rolled up, except when used. This was often the only kind of book that the natives in remote districts possessed; and many families have, without any other lessons, acquired a proficiency, that has enabled them to read at once a printed copy of the scriptures. It has also gratified us, as indicative of the estimation in which the people held every portion of the word of God, and their desire to possess it, to behold them anxiously preserving even the smallest piece of paper, and writing on it texts of the scripture which they had heard in the place of worship."

**Memorable Conversion of a Native.**—One remarkable instance occurred during the year in which I left the islands. The native name of the individual to whom I allude was Hiro. He was the priest of one of the principal temples of Pareia, in the lesser peninsula of the island, or Huahine iti. He was a priest of Hiro, the god of plunderers and thieves, and in perfect accordance with the spirit of his office, was the captain or leader of a band of robbers, who spread terror through the surrounding country. He was one of the first and most determined opposers of Christianity in Huahine; reproaching its adherents, defying the power, and disclaiming the authority, of its Author. But, like Saul of Tarsus, he found it hard to resist.

He was in the prime and vigour of manhood, being at the time between thirty and forty years of age.

When the number of Christians increased in his neighbourhood, and the Sabbath day was first publicly observed, in order to shew his utter contempt for Christian institutions, he determined to profane the day "in defiance of Jehovah." He repaired, for this purpose, to some grounds in the neighbourhood of the temple, and engaged in erecting a fence; but while thus employed, his career of impiety was suddenly arrested. The twig of a tree came in contact with his eyes; almost instant blindness followed; and, like Elymas, he was led home by his affrighted companions, who considered it a visitation from the Almighty.

I had frequent interviews with him afterwards, one in the precincts of his own temple, which I visited in company with Messrs. Bennet, Tyerman, and Barff. His spirit was subdued: he subsequently became a humble, and, we trust, sincere disciple of that blessed Redeemer whom he had persecuted. He died trusting in the merits of Christ for acceptance with God the Father. The history of the conversion of the great apostle to the Gentiles interested and affected him much; and though the scales on his bodily eyes were not removed, but his blindness continued until his death, which occurred in 1824, such was the impression which analogy of circumstances produced, that when he presented himself for baptism, he desired to be called Paul.

**Instance of Judicial Impartiality.**—In the autumn of 1822, the queen of Tahiti, the widow of Pomare, visited Huahine. Her attendants, who followed in her train from Tahiti, requiring a piece of timber, she directed

them to cut down a bread-fruit tree, growing in the garden of a poor man on the opposite side of the bay, near which her own residence stood. Her orders were obeyed, and the tree was carried away. Teuhe, the owner of the spot on which it stood, returning in the evening to his cottage, saw that the spoiler had been there: the stump was bleeding, and the boughs lay strewn around, but the stately trunk was gone. Informed by his neighbours that the queen's men had cut it down, he repaired to the magistrate of the district, and lodged a complaint against her majesty the queen. The magistrate directed him to come to the place of public justice the following morning at sun-rise, and substantiate his charge; he afterwards sent his servant to the queen, and invited her attendance at the same hour. The next morning, as the sun rose above the horizon, Ori, the magistrate, was seen sitting in the open air, beneath the spreading branches of a venerable tree; on a finely-woven mat before him, sat the queen, attended by her train; beside her stood the native peasant; and around them all, what may be termed the police-officers. Turning to Teuhe, the magistrate inquired for what purpose they had been convened. The poor man said, that in his garden grew a bread-fruit tree, whose shade was grateful to the inmates of his cottage, and whose fruit, with that of those which grew around, supported his family for five or seven months in every year; but that, yesterday, some one had cut it down, as he had been informed, by order of the queen. He knew that they had laws—he had thought those laws protected the poor man's property, as well as that of kings and chiefs; and he wished to know whether it was right, that, without his knowledge or consent, the tree should have been cut down.

The magistrate, turning to the queen, asked if she had ordered the tree to be cut down? She answered, 'Yes.' He then asked if she did not know they had laws? She said 'Yes, but she was not aware that they applied to her.' The magistrate asked, if in those laws (a copy of which he held in his hand) there were any exceptions in favour of chiefs, or kings, or queens? She answered 'No,' and despatched one of her attendants to her house, who soon returned with a bag of dollars, which she threw down before the poor man, as a recompense for his loss. 'Stop,' said the magistrate, 'we have not done yet.' The queen began to weep. 'Do you think it right that you should have cut down the tree, without asking the owner's permission?' continued the magistrate. 'It was not right,' said the queen. Then, turning to the poor man, he asked, 'What remuneration do you require?' Teuhe answered, 'If the queen is convinced that it was not right to take a little man's tree without his permission, I am sure she will not do it again. I am satisfied I require no other recompense.' His disinterestedness was applauded; the assembly dispersed; and afterwards, I think the queen sent him privately a present equal in value to the tree.

WHOLESOME ADVICE.

**Beauz.**—When bent on matrimony, look more than skin deep for beauty; dive farther than the pocket for worth; and search for temper beyond the good humour of the moment;—remembering it is not always the most agreeable partner at a ball who forms the most amiable partner for life—

"Their virtues open fairest in the shade."

**Belles.**—Be not led away by each gay meteor of a spark, or too readily yield your hearts to an elegant and agreeable exterior; for the serpent is often ambushed beneath the fairest flowers. Let not your reason be blinded by love, or your sense enslaved by passion. After all, seek not to make captives by personal accomplishments alone, "nor trust too much to an enchanting face," for recollect, "Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN.

Hark! it is the bridegroom's voice;  
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest:  
Now within the gates rejoice,  
Safe and sealed and bought and blest!  
Safe from all the lures of vice,  
Sealed—by signs the chosen know,  
Bought—by love, and life the price!  
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

Holy pilgrim! what for thee  
In a world like this remain?  
From thy guarded breast shall flee  
Fear and shame and doubt and pain.  
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,  
Shame—from glory's view retire,  
Doubt—in certain rapture die,  
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

Crabbe.





## POETRY.

## THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

(Heb. i. 14.)

Which of the petty kings of earth  
Can boast a guard like ours,  
Encircled from our second birth  
With all the heavenly powers?  
Myriads of bright cherubic bands,  
Sent by the King of kings,  
Rejoice to bear us in their hands,  
And shade us with their wings.

With them we march securely on,  
Throughout Immanuel's ground,  
And not an uncommission'd stone  
Our sacred feet shall wound;  
No enemy shall our souls ensnare,  
No casual evil grieve,  
Nor can we lose a single hair  
Without our Father's leave.

Angels, where'er we go, attend  
Our steps, whate'er beside;  
With watchful care their charge defend,  
And evil turn aside:  
A sudden thought t' escape the blow,  
A ready help we find;  
And to their secret presence owe  
The presence of our mind.

Their instrumental aid unknown  
They day and night supply;  
And free from care we lay us down,  
Though Satan's host be nigh:  
Our lives the holy angels keep  
From every hostile power,  
And unconcern'd we sweetly sleep,  
As Adam in his bower.

Jehovah's charioteers surround,  
The ministerial quire,  
Encamp where'er his heirs are found,  
And form our wall of fire:  
Ten thousand offices unseen  
For us they gladly do,  
Deliver in the lion's den,  
And safe escort us through.

But thronging round with busiest love,  
They guard the dying breast,  
The lurking fiend far off remove,  
And sing our souls to rest:  
And when our spirits we resign,  
On outstretch'd wings they bear,  
And lodge us in the arms divine,  
And leave for ever there.

## DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

Eph. v. 15-21.

Great God! whom millions of worlds adore—whose glory is celebrated even by the worms of the earth.—Thou who beholdest the suns of the firmament abase themselves in describing their orbits round thy throne, and before whom the seraphim bow with reverence in prayer;—O Lord, may my humble dwelling also be consecrated to Thee—may it become thy sanctuary and thy temple!

Thy presence will sanctify it—those who inhabit it with me shall be thy priests—our hearts shall be thy altars—the flames of pure and lively devotion shall be there enkindled. The rays of thy eternal glory shine already on the earth, to the view of those whose whole lives are consecrated to thy service.

What spectacle is so affecting and so sublime as that of a religious family, of which the thoughts and the thanksgivings ascend together, towards the most holy and most august of beings—to the Almighty? What heart

would remain unmoved at seeing gentle tears escape from the eyes of a mother praying for the life, the health, the prosperity of her beloved children? Who could behold with indifference a venerable father, surrounded by the members of his family, with uncovered head, imploring blessings upon his house from the King of kings, the arbiter of our destinies? Where is the man whose heart would not melt when a little child, resplendent in the grace of innocence, raises its joined hands to its invisible Father, and lisps an infantine prayer for its parents, its brothers and sisters, and the companions of its sports? How great is the charm, the innocence, the purity, of daily worship, in the contracted circle of a single family. Here the father and mother become, as it were, ministers of the Most High; the retired and obscure chamber, in which we receive the benefits of our Heavenly Father—that place which is the scene of our tears and of our joys—where we experienced the alternations of health and sickness—in which, perhaps, our death-bed will be placed, is transformed into a temple of the Lord.

There assemblies, after the refreshing sleep of the night, the little society that is united by the sacred ties of consanguinity. With the first rays of the morning, its prayers ascend to the throne of eternal goodness, accompanied by the pure incense of its gratitude. In the evening it re-assembles, happy in the terminated labours of the day, and in the repose it is going to enjoy: its last thoughts are raised to the Sovereign Protector of men. While in the depths of profound obscurity thousands of suns proclaim the glory of God;—while, perhaps, thousands of worlds that are unknown to us celebrate his name, our prayer also mounts towards his throne in the silence of night, and he hears it.

My God! my Father! my all! I highly appreciate the felicity of not being like a stranger in thy presence. I should be unworthy to live if I allowed a single day to pass without thinking upon thee. Thy Son Jesus Christ not only prayed in the temple, but also in the houses of his friends, in the retreat of Gethsemane, and I also, the child of thy love—I will invoke thee in my habitation, in the solitude of the fields, when far from my home—far from my country. Thy holy presence will transform my retreat into a sanctuary in which I may worship thee in spirit and in truth.

The spirit of holiness should purify all: where thou art, what is impure should disappear: Thou dwellest with me—shall not the calm of celestial tranquillity rest upon my habitation? Can I pollute with sin the peaceable chamber where I have so often ardently invoked thee?—can I curse the place in which I implore thy blessings? Shall deceit and falsehood profane the place in which I have so frequently presented myself before the judge of my thoughts? Witness of my earnest prayers! shall this place also witness my hatred, my envy, my detraction, my anger?

No, no! O my God! to what place shall I turn my intimidated looks—my heart overwhelmed with disgrace and shame, if in my own residence—in the most retired chamber of my abode, I have reason to be ashamed in thy presence? In what part of the earth shall I find happiness, if my sins and my conscience transform into a hell the habitation in which I should find a heaven?

I have enjoyed thy blessings—the fruit of domestic devotion; I pray that they may still rest upon my dwelling. May my heart always appertain to the Lord, and the Lord will always be my God!

Whether I wake or sleep, thou art constantly present with my spirit. When, at last, at a near or a distant period, I shall sleep in thy arms, in the habitation where I have so frequently approached thee in prayer, Father of love! my last thought shall be devoted to thee; and in the new heavens, in that better life, in which my soul shall shake off the slumber of the tomb, my first thought shall be dedicated to thee! There, when a new world displays its magnificence around me, my God will not be to me an unknown God. It is in his arms that I repose while here, and there I shall awake in his bosom. The same tender Father who protects my soul during this brief existence, will also be my father through eternity.—*Christian's Magazine*.—From "*Méditations Religieuses*, &c."

## DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

If there is a sufficiency in God, it is our duty to depend upon him. The greatest honor we can give to God at present is to believe his word, to rely on his wisdom, grace, faithfulness, and power; to go to him for what we want; to look to him as our all, that he is, and has, engaged for us: and if so, how should we be humbled, that God is no more honored by us in this way;—what sinful staggerings—what provoking ingratitude—what perplexing distrusts!—The Lord pardon our folly, and give us that wisdom which leads the soul into more intimate union with him, and cordial dependence on him.

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

The following, among many other Works of merit,  
Are offered for sale, by

JOHN J. HARROD,

BOOK AGENT OF METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH, viz:

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| Family and Pulpit Quarto Bibles, assorted, from \$2 to          | \$10 00       |
| Polyglot Pocket Bible,  | 1 50          |
| Fine Pocket Bibles, from \$2 to                                 | 4 00          |
| Methodist Protestant Church Discipline, \$3 25 per dozen,       | 0 37          |
| Methodist Protestant Church Hymn Book, \$4 per doz. plain, shp. | 0 50          |
| Do. do. do. shp. gilt, \$5 00                                   | 0 62          |
| Do. do. do. morocco, \$6 00                                     | 0 75          |
| Do. do. do. calf gilt ext. \$9 00                               | 1 00          |
| Do. do. do. do. super extra, \$14 00                            | 1 50          |
| Do. do. do. sup. ex. with gilt edge, flap or strap,             | 2 00          |
| Do. do. do. super extra, silver lock,                           | 2 25          |
| Do. do. do. plain calf,   | 0 62          |
| Do. do. do. calf gilt,  | 0 75          |
| Do. do. do. morocco, flap and strap,                            | 1 25          |
| The Works of the Rev. John Wesley, in 10 vols. 8 vo.            | 12 50         |
| Dr. Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, 2 vols. 8 vo.             | 6 00          |
| Dr. Hunter's Sacred Biography, 3 vols. 8 vo.                    | 4 50          |
| Dr. Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind, 2 vols. 8vo.          | 3 50          |
| Græca Majora, 2 vols.   | 6 00          |
| Clark's Homer, 2 do.  | 5 00          |
| Professor Silliman's Chemistry, 2 vols. plates,                 | 6 00          |
| Webster's Octavo Dictionary,                                    | 6 00          |
| Turner's Chemistry, 3d edition,                                 | 1 25          |
| Bell's Anatomy, 2 vols. 8vo.                                    | 4 00          |
| Paris on Diet,  | 0 75          |
| Halstead on Dyspepsia,  | 1 00          |
| Pocket Testaments, fine,  | 0 50          |
| Do. do. morocco straps,   | 0 75          |
| Caldwell's Cullon, 2 vols.                                      | 5 00          |
| Gregory's Medical Practice, 2 vols. 8vo.                        | 3 50          |
| Academical Reader, \$6 00 per doz.                              | 0 63          |
| Introduction to do. 2 50  | 0 31          |
| Murray's, Kirkham's, Ingersoll's, and Greenleaf's Grammar,      | 1 50          |
| Armstrong on Typhus Fever,                                      | 5 00          |
| Bell's Operative Surgery, 2 vols.                               | 10 00         |
| Bichat's Anatomy, 4 vols.                                       | 1 50          |
| Blackall on Dropsy,   | 4 00          |
| Cooper's Surgery, 2 vols. 8 vo.                                 | 4 00          |
| Eberle's Materia Medica, 2 vols. new ed                         | 4 00          |
| Saurin's Sermons, 2 vols.                                       | 3 50          |
| Eclectic Dispensatory,  | 3 00          |
| Newton's Works, in 1 vol. calf,                                 | 5 00          |
| Johnson on the Liver,   | 0 75          |
| Do. do. Climates,   | 1 50          |
| Larry's Surgery, 2 vols.  | 2 00          |
| Gross' Anatomy,   | 2 00          |
| Mackenzie's 5000 Receipts,                                      | 1 50          |
| Paris' Pharmacologia,   | 2 00          |
| Scudamore on Gout,  | 1 50          |
| Wilson on Febrile Diseases, 4 vols.                             | 6 00          |
| Richerand's Physiology,   | 1 75          |
| Wistar's Anatomy, 2 vols.                                       | 4 50          |
| Rush on the Mind,   | 2 00          |
| Zimmerman on Solitude,  | 0 75          |
| Works of Henry Kirke White, calf,                               | 1 50          |
| Blair's Sermons,  | 2 00          |
| Godman's Natural History, 3 vos.                                | 6 00          |
| Rollin's Ancient History, 4 vols.                               | 4 00          |
| Paley's Philosophy,   | 1 00          |
| Dr. Jennings's Exposition,                                      | 1 00          |
| A View of the World, plates,                                    | 1 00          |
| Lempriere's Classical Dictionary,                               | 2 50          |
| Dewees on the Diseases of Children,                             | 3 50          |
| Dewees' Practice,   | 4 50          |
| Seougal's Life of God in the Soul,                              | 0 25          |
| Clarke on the Promises,   | 0 37          |
| Cowper's Works, 3 vols.   | 1 00          |
| Historia Sacra, 50 cts.—Viri Romæ,                              | 0 62          |
| Quotation from the Poets, 75 cts.—Lady of the Manor, 7 vols.    | 4 00          |
| Whelpley's Compend of History,                                  | 1 00          |
| Valpley's Grammar, 75 cts.—Smart's Cicero,                      | 1 50          |
| Constock's Conversations on Chemistry,                          | 1 00          |
| Milton's Paradise Lost, 50 cts.—Watts on the Mind,              | 0 75          |
| Blake's Natural Philosophy, \$1 00—American Constitutions,      | 1 00          |
| Paley's Evidences of Christianity,                              | 0 75          |
| Lavater's Physiognomy,  | 0 50          |
| Buck's Theological Dictionary,                                  | 1 25          |
| Young's Night Thoughts, 50 cts.—Walkers Pocket Dictionary,      | 0 50          |
| Jameson's Rhetoric, 75 cts.—Campbell's Poems,                   | 0 50          |
| Entick's Latin Dictionary, \$1 50—Jacobs' Greek Reader,         | 1 50          |
| Pronouncing Bible, \$2 00—Græca Minoræ,                         | 1 25          |
| Shaw's Anatomy, 75 cts.—Playfair's Euclid,                      | 1 25          |
| Simpson's Euclid, \$1 75—Hutton's Mathematics, 2 vols,          | 4 50          |
| Bigland's History of England, \$3 00—Day's Algebra,             | 0 75          |
| Bonnycastle's Algebra, 75 cts.—Cæsar Delphini,                  | 1 50          |
| Pulpit Assistant, with 300 skeletons of Sermons, 2 vols.        | 3 00          |
| Irving's Columbus,  | 1 00          |
| Scott's Commentary on the Bible, 6 vols, 4to.                   | 20 00         |
| Henry's do. do. do. 6 v.  | 20 00         |
| Plutarch's Lives, 1 vol. \$1 75—Darby's Universal Gazetteer,    | 4 00          |
| Hedge's Logic, 75 cts.—Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric,            | 1 25          |
| Virgil Delphini, \$1 75—Horace Delphini,                        | 1 50          |
| Cooper's Virgil, 2 00—Staughton's Virgil,                       | 2 00          |
| Pilgrim's Progress, 50—Murray's Chemistry, 2 vols.              | 8 50          |
| Baxter's Call, 50 cts.—Saints' Rest,                            | 0 50          |
| Pollock's Course of Time,                                       | 0 50          |
| Bell's Dissections, 2 vols.                                     | 1 00          |
| Bennet's Letters,   | 0 50          |
| Mason on Self-Knowledge,  | 0 37          |
| Mrs. Rowe's Devout Exercises of the Heart,                      | 0 37          |
| Doddridge's Rise and Progress,                                  | 0 50          |
| Life of Mrs. Fletcher, plates, 12 mo. fine edition,             | 0 75          |
| Key to the Questions in Adams' Geography, 25 cts.               | per doz. 2 00 |
| Williams' Bible Class Exercises,                                | 2 00          |
| The New and Most Complete Selection of Camp and Prayer Meet-    |               |
| ing Hymns, Harrod's Collection, 37 1-2 cts.—per doz.            | 3 00          |

Orders executed for Books generally, and at the lowest prices,—liberal discount from retail prices.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM WOODY,

No. 6, S. Calvert-st. Baltimore.